

Original.

THE ASPIRANT FOR INTELLECTUAL FAME.

BY C. F. ORNE.

THERE 's joy for him who sails the main,
 Who roves the pathless sea,
 Whose gallant barque, a snow-white bird,
 Flies fearless on; and free;
 Which breasts the storm, defies the gale,
 Withstands the tempest's shock,
 And leaves behind the dangerous shoal,
 Avoids the sunken rock.

Yet there 's a higher joy for us,
 We sail a prouder main,
 We steer our bonny barque right on,
 Till harbor safe we gain.
 We've loosed our pennon to the breeze,
 We heed no danger's frown,
 There reigns no tyrant of the seas
 Shall make us strike it down.
Oct. 1842.

Once joy was 'mid the stormy strife,
 When haughty foe met foe,
 When flashing swords leaped from their sheaths
 And rung the clanging blow;
 When steel-clad warriors sought the field
 And joined the wild melee,
 And charging squadrons bravely won
 The all but desperate fray.

But higher, better joy for us,
 We win a nobler field,
 And keener than the flashing sword,
 The polished arms we wield.
 Then for that prouder, loftier strife
 Gird we our armor on,
 Where dauntless mind encounters mind
 Our laurels shall be won.

From the Lady's Repository.

OPTICAL ILLUSION; OR, GHOST-SEEING.

ALTHOUGH it is no longer the custom with the present generation to *inculcate* superstition by allowing nursery maids, *unrebuked*, to relate supernatural tales to their children, yet do I believe that superstitious fears and feelings still exist in some parts of our land to a very considerable extent; not with the young alone, but with the middle-aged and the *old*. It is in the hope that these lines may be read by some of this class that I now relate *my* ghost story.

I had arrived at years of maturity before Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," and Sir David Brewster's "Natural Magic," had explained away all superstitious belief, with the enlightened part of the community, by taking them, as it were, *behind the scenes*, and exhibiting to them all the wires and pulleys of *spectrism*; so that those who now have the courage to *look a ghost in the face*, may literally *see through it* as through a thin vapor. I had listened in my youth to many well authenticated tales of this kind, which I dared not distrust, and which I feared to believe; and perhaps there still clung to me an *unacknowledged* *leaven* of this sort; for I earnestly desired that I might never be visited by a spectre, but still hoped if I ever were, that I might have the courage, if not to "speak to it," to reconnoitre and *investigate* it. My wishes were at length granted. In the year 1834, I was on a visit to the southwest, and had been brought to the borders of the grave by the prevailing fever of that country. It had left me in such a low nervous state that the slightest sound would awaken me from sleep, and keep me watchful for the night; so that in order to be entirely undisturbed, I had my bed removed to a large unfinished upper room, ex-

tending the whole length of the house, with the rafters sloping overhead. Of this room I was the sole occupant. My bed was placed nearly in one corner, and was so high as to bring my head within a few feet of the roof. Here I had slept for several nights in undisturbed quietude. But the night in question was dark and cloudy when I ascended to my chamber; so that when I had extinguished my candle, there was scarcely light enough to make the "darkness visible." Although there were two large windows at each end of the room, yet I could see nothing; but it was delightfully still, and I soon fell into a sweet, quiet sleep, from which, after the lapse of some hours, perhaps, I was suddenly awakened by a rude sound directly over my head; but at this I was not alarmed, for my ear recognized it to be the alighting of some night bird on the roof, and I did not even uncloze my eyes lest I should induce a state of wakefulness. But it was all in vain, and my prudence availed me nothing. My sleep had been disturbed, and slumber had flown from my eyelids; so, after tossing about for sometime, I opened my eyes and looked around. The room now presented so different an appearance from what it did when I went to bed, that I could hardly realize *where* I was. The clouds had dispersed, and the moon had risen in her splendor, and was shedding a broad pathway of light through nearly the whole length of my long and before dismal chamber, leaving the eaves and the corners still in undistinguishable darkness. After admiring for sometime the surpassing brightness of the moonlight, my thoughts turned *inward*, and I closed my eyes for meditation.—When I again opened them, I was indeed alarmed. In the diagonally opposite corner of the room from my bed, remote from the light of either window, and where but a few minutes before, all had been pitchy darkness, there now glowed a broad, softened, phosphorescent light. In vain I strove to account for it. I sat up in my bed, and gazed and speculated. It seemed to my scared vision broader and brighter as I looked upon it. Every thing was hush as death. I was nervous and alone, and I began to feel my hair stiffen, and ~~to~~ *hear* my heart beat with undefined apprehension. Again I feared the vision would assume the semblance of some departed friend, and approach me; and I was more excited than I had ever before been with supernatural dread.—But I remembered my determination, and resolved, in my desperation, to ascertain its nature before I was bereft of my senses; and as I rose from my bed to approach it, my knees smote each other with fear. There it was, still glowing before me; but I drew nearer and nearer, as if drawn on by a spell—at last I reached out my hand to grasp, as I thought, the "impressive air," and *touched* it. And, reader, what do you think it was?—a large *black japanned waiter*, standing against the house. The moon, as it rose, had shone through the window full upon a *looking-glass* that hung in its track, which caught its rays and threw them into this dark corner of the room, where they found a broad polished surface to rest upon; and the waiter being *black* neutralized the rays, and gave them that softened halo-looking light, of which the imagination ever weaves the drapery of ghosts. And thus was I deceived with my eyes wide open, and in the full possession of my senses, *until I touched it*. Had I remained in my bed trembling and speculating, I never should have arrived at the truth of the matter. When the moon should have attained a sufficient altitude in the heavens, to have passed away from the mirror, *my ghost*, which actually kept moving, would have *vanished also*; and I should still have continued the victim of doubt and uncertainty.

Let every one who beholds a suspicious looking object in an uncertain or obscure light, approach and *examine* it; and then, and not till then, will ghost stories vanish from the *dark corners* of our land, and spectres, like *witchcraft*, be heard of no more. Reader, you may smile if you will—I am *no coward*; and, all circumstances considered, I esteem it the greatest act of courage I ever performed; and I still contemplate the old black waiter with the greatest complacency, as the evidence of my heroism.

seized his mind; he resisted it at first, but consented to harbor the idea; it gained ascendancy over him; to accomplish his purpose, he shot his master, threw the body into a pond, and with his chaise drove to the retired village of Porchester. There by dint of caution, he had continued to gradually use his ill-gotten wealth in trade, so that people fancied he obtained it in regular business; but that during his abode there his mental agony had been intolerable. The sight of a stranger, the mention of a crime by another, had filled him with fright and terror. He had endured a thousand deaths. The case before the court so much like his own, had wrought him up to the last point of misery. He could endure no more; he surrendered himself to the laws of his country. He was subsequently tried and punished with the highest penalty of an insulted law.

Such was the effect of a troubled conscience. When he first reached the place, it nearly betrayed him in presence of the landlord; in all his future prosperity it constantly followed him with its torments, and at last it led him to confess what his guilty heart could no longer contain. How forcibly does this tale, which is essentially true in all its parts, illustrate that Divine saying, "Be sure your sins will find you out."

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE ELOPEMENT.

DURING the Summer of 1824, while passing from my native county to the house of a relative in the county of Nansemond, I stopped at one of those old and venerable brick churches, (it being the Sabbath day,) which we sometimes meet with in Eastern Virginia. Built during the reign of George III., some of them still retain pretty much the appearance they had eighty years ago;—with high-back pews of substantial oak, and a lofty pulpit of the same material, the baptismal font on one side, and the communion-table in front. Just out of doors was the graveyard—generally at the North end; at the South end you entered an open portico, above which was the vestry-room; and, above that, a high steeple, on the top of which were two large iron keys, crossing each other at right angles. In the midst of fine old oaks, these dilapidated churches now stand. It was at these places of worship our forefathers would congregate, with pious intent of hearing Bible truths expounded, by parsons, who, for the consideration of so much tobacco, would leave kindred dear, and cross the "black waters."

The day on which I stopped at the above-mentioned church, was intensely warm, and the spreading oaks cast a most inviting shade to the weary and fatigued. Some of the cattle from the adjacent fields had sought refuge from the piercing rays of the sun, the locusts were singing their long shrill notes, while the dove cooed in mournful accord.

Alighting, as most of the congregation had gone in, I walked to the graveyard; a part of the wall which once enclosed it, was still standing, while the remainder was overshadowed with tall grass.

Whilst engaged in reading the different inscriptions, to the memory of the infant of six months, as well as the revolutionary soldier of eighty, I was arrested by the sound of a female voice very near, which I supposed to be the earnest invocation of some pious mother, who, bending over the grave of her infant babe, was calling upon God to make her heart as pure as that of the little sleeper's below.

But my impressions were instantly banished, when in the act of stepping back, by

perceiving two old women sitting very close to each other, engaged in deep and earnest conversation; partly concealed by the tall grass, and partly by a small erect tombstone. My attention was immediately arrested, by one saying to the other, in a very audible voice—

“Ah! I remember the night well enough; never did I hear the wind blow so hard, or the rain fall so fast, and he, poor young man, I thought would have gone beside himself. Yes, though you see him standing there now, looking so like a ghost just out of one of these graves, he was, that night, when he first got to my cottage, so gay and so handsome; and his voice did sound so sweet, when he said, ‘Mrs. Jenkins, have my servants arrived yet with the carriage? I am afraid we shall have a storm to-night, it lightens so to the North.’ ‘No, sir,’ said I, ‘though I have been looking for them this last half hour.’ Never did I see features change so quick; they looked so dark and terrible; his large black eyes, which before seemed to speak, as well as look love, almost flashed fire; and, stamping on the ground, he exclaimed, ‘By heavens, not yet!’ then turning suddenly around, walked out. Returning in a few minutes, he inquired if I had seen the signal from the river. ‘Yes, sir,’ said I, ‘I saw a white pocket handkerchief hanging from the window of the second story of the house, a little before sunset.’”

At the conclusion of this sentence, I indistinctly heard the other exclaim, “Ah! dear young lady, she little knew what a horrid death she would soon meet with.”

Their voices sank so low, I could hear nothing more. It was however certain, that the object of their conversation was near. This narrative excited my curiosity, and determined me, if possible, to discover the personage to whom it related. I had not proceeded many paces, when I observed a gentleman rise from the ground and lean against a large cedar, whose boughs overhung a plain marble tomb, by the side of which he had been kneeling. Apprehensive that my presence might disturb his hallowed thoughts, I turned a little off, and busied myself in plucking the flowers, that grew in wild abundance—remaining near enough to see that he was a man past the middle age of life, of a thin visage, and rather above the medium height; his large black eyes still retained the fire of youth, while his hair denoted premature age; his dress was a plain suit of black. Whilst endeavoring to discover the botanical name and class of one of the flowers, he approached, and accosted me as follows:

“Sir, you seem to be a stranger in this habitation of the dead.”

“Yes,” replied I; “it is my first visit here. I am always fond of walking in a graveyard, and reading the various epitaphs; they afford more subjects of serious meditation than a treatise on mortality twice as large.”

“Indeed they do,” replied he; “that marble slab, just under that tree, has caused me more thought these five and twenty years, than all the incidents of my life together.”

“Perhaps it is the resting-place of a sainted mother, or sister, or”——

“No! it is not,” said he in a voice scarce louder than a whisper.

By this time we had approached close to the grave. I read the following epitaph: “To the memory of Lucy, only child of Oscar Normand, who departed this life, July 20th, 1801. Aged 17.

‘The spring of life had just begun,
When a wintry cloud obscured the sun,
And all was darkness then.’”

“That little verse,” said he, “speaks a tale of woe.”

What I had gathered from the old woman, and his own melancholy appearance, made me curious to know the circumstances of the death of the young lady, over whose grave we were standing. Observing that it seemed a relief to him to converse

on the subject, I said, "If it is not painful or tedious to relate the cause of the young lady's death, I should be pleased to know it."

"It will be painful, yet relieving for me to do so," said he. "In narrating the melancholy tale, however, I shall have to go back to 1773, when Oscar Normand and my father Frederick Carlton, two years before the disturbances between Great Britain and the Colonies commenced, sailed from Liverpool and landed in New-York the 3d of June. Each having connections in Virginia, they bent their way hither, a few weeks after their arrival. Being college friends, they determined to purchase lands in the same neighborhood; which, however, they did not do—my father being pleased with the interior of the State, and Normand with the flat lands near the Chesapeake. The year after my father located, he married a young and beautiful lady; but death soon severed their union, as she survived my birth but a few days. Despairing of again enjoying the same connubial felicity, he never afterwards married. Shortly after my birth, my father, actuated by the noble feelings of justice and patriotism, joined the continental army, which was arduously struggling against the oppressive yoke of Great Britain. Distinguishing himself at the battle of Guilford, by his valor, he received many encomiums from General Green, and was then attached to the staff of La Fayette, whose army was at that time cantoned in Virginia.

"About this period, Normand married a wealthy heiress, by whom he had a daughter, an only child, whose remains are now resting beneath this little mound. "

"A man of violent passions, proud and haughty in the extreme, he retained all his national prejudices. When told of the laurels his friend Carlton had gained at Guilford Court-House, with a sarcastic smile, he was heard to murmur, 'Renegade!' A circumstance which happened soon after, forever blighted the friendship of these old companions. At a dinner given to La Fayette and his officers, at Louisa Court-House, Normand who had been up to settle a tobacco plantation in the neighborhood of the Green Springs, was invited, for the purpose of meeting his old friend Carlton. They met; and, for a while, all political opposition was forgotten, as they talked of their love scrapes and college days in Old England.

"The announcement of dinner, however, put a stop to their conversation. As politics was the leading topic of all assemblies at that time, that theme was soon introduced. And many were the toasts drank on that occasion, to the success of the American arms, and the good faith of France and America; among which my father gave the following: 'May we never sheath our swords, until Britain has acknowledged our Independence, and humbled her haughty arrogance before the American Eagle.' Loud and unanimous was the applause that followed, save from Normand, who sat in mute silence, scowling darkly upon his old friend; the wine he was in the act of drinking, was placed upon the table untasted, and, in a voice half-suffocated with anger, he said: 'I think, Frederick, your uncle, Sir Henry Carlton, would have cause to rejoice in so promising a nephew, could he now see and hear you. Indeed, I am disposed to think, could he have known as much, he would have made an abler defence on the part of America, a few days ago in Parliament, in reply to the Earl of Carlisle. I suppose, at the end of these hostilities, you intend to turn saint and parson, and declare a war of extermination against the devil and his imps.'

"'Oscar,' said my father, 'such language is unprovoked, and particularly improper from you, knowing as you do, that I have ever treated you as a gentleman, friend, and brother. Should you ever utter such insolence again, that friendship, which now shields you from chastisement, will be a frail protection.'

"The lion roused from his lair, or the maniac taken from the object of his hatred, never evinced more rage than Normand. His features swollen with passion, he sprang from the table, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, levelled it at my father. Several

of the officers made an effort to wrest it from him, but Normand was too quick for them: it was fired; my father sank motionless on the floor. In an instant every sword was drawn; many rushed at Normand, but were stopped in their purpose by some one saying, 'He is dead!' Turning aside to see if the sad intelligence were true, Normand made use of the opportunity. He left the room in haste, and mounting his horse, was out of sight ere he was missed from the room. Medical aid was immediately procured. What little hope lingered in the minds of my father's comrades was soon banished by the physician pronouncing the wound mortal: 'The ball,' said he, 'has passed near the heart, and more than probable, has cut the large artery that conveys the blood to it. That, however, will be determined in a few minutes. Should the blood continue to flow as profusely as it does now, he must sink; if we can succeed in stopping it, there is hope.'

"Every effort was made; bandage after bandage was taken away saturated in blood, that had flowed so long in friendship to one who had spilt it so rashly. Life seemed to be ebbing fast. His companions-in-arms had assembled around, to see a brave man die. The physician again examined the wound, his countenance brightened. 'There is some hope yet,' said he, 'the bleeding has somewhat abated.'

"In half an hour, that life, which seemed to glimmer so faintly, gradually revived. The physician directed him to remain in bed at least three weeks, without moving, and to use the lowest diet. At the expiration of five weeks, he was sufficiently restored to ride out. About that period, La Fayette received orders from General Washington, to meet him at York-Town.

"My father, though still debilitated by his wound, attended him, and there participated in the triumph of our arms. At the conclusion of peace, my father retired to his estate to superintend my education; which he continued to do for ten years. He then determined to send me to England, to go through a collegiate course of studies. With a heavy heart, I sailed on the 10th of May, 1791, and landed in Liverpool in the month of July. I prosecuted my studies at Cambridge four years, at which time I received a letter from my father, requesting me to make a tour of Europe. I set off immediately, intending to get through as soon as possible, for I had become anxious to see the best of fathers. I had not, however, proceeded farther than Rome, when I received letters from my father, desiring me to return home, as his health had become extremely bad. I embarked in a few hours, in a packet bound to Charleston; which city I reached after a long and tempestuous voyage. I hastened home, and, to my infinite joy, found my father nearly restored.

"I now come to a period of my life, which promised the fullest realization of happiness; I mean that period of one's life, when the gentle rays of love first break upon the heart, awakening all the softer passions of the soul, and calling into action feelings hitherto dormant—inducing one to believe, that true happiness is no phantom. But, alas! the sunshine of life was soon darkened. Just as I thought perfect bliss within my reach, the shadow vanished, and all that remained was darkness and night.

"A few months after my arrival at home, I visited the western part of the State for the purpose of enjoying the benefit of its medicinal waters.

"The sun was slowly sinking behind some of the lofty peaks of the Alleghany, as I was descending a long and rugged declivity, at the base of which gently flowed one of those deep, narrow rivulets, that enter into the Shenandoah. The sun had been shining intensely all day, and my horse appeared much fatigued from the day's ride. While I sat carelessly on him, giving him the reins, in an instant I was nearly thrown by his springing suddenly forward. With difficulty I recovered myself sufficiently to stop him. On looking around I discovered a coach, drawn by four horses, descending the hill at full speed. The postilion had been thrown from his seat. I indistinctly

heard the scream of a female, as it passed me ; death appeared inevitable. Ere I had time to reflect, the horses, with one bound, sprang into the centre of the stream, drawing the coach in after them. They were drowned ; and so would have been the travellers—a gentleman and his daughter—had I not, at great risk, rescued them. With much difficulty, the young lady was restored to consciousness. Just at this moment, the carriage that conveyed their baggage arrived, and took them to an inn a short distance off, to which place I accompanied them, little dreaming the fatal consequences that would ensue from impressions made on me that night.

“By the time my new acquaintances had changed their apparel, supper was announced. They appeared quite happy at their escape, and were profuse in their acknowledgments to me, whom they regarded as their deliverer.

“‘Indeed, sir,’ said the young lady, addressing herself to me, ‘but for your timely assistance, at the hazard of your life, we should now be as insensible as the poor horses that rushed, so alarmed, with us into the water. And all I regret is, that papa and myself can never compensate you for such great kindness.’

“‘You can hardly call it kindness, madam,’ replied I, ‘for common humanity would prompt the coldest heart to rescue a fellow-being, when placed in such a perilous situation ; and more particularly when beauty calls for aid.’ The concluding portion of the sentence I designed that she only should hear.

“A crimson blush instantly mantled her cheek, as she resumed her tea. ‘I think, sir,’ said her father, ‘more than common humanity is required, to induce one to risk, at such great hazard, one’s own life. It requires, also, for the sake of others, the noble presence of mind, so rarely found, and on which a man can only rely, when placed in such sudden emergencies.’

“‘I had not time,’ said I, ‘to reflect on my own danger.’

“The alarm and fatigue soon induced my acquaintances to retire ; other reasons caused me to do the same. As soon as I reached my apartment, the incidents of the day rushed upon my mind in rapid succession. The frantic speed of the horses, the loud splash of the water as the coach plunged in after them, the awful silence that ensued—and, (what left the most vivid impression upon my mind,) the rescue of two fellow mortals from sudden death, one a young and beautiful girl, just embarking upon the summer-sea of life. I knew not from what my diffidence proceeded, but every effort I made at conversation, after she was sufficiently restored, failed ; my mind became abstracted. I had an imperfect recollection of similar features, and I almost fancied I had heard that same voice before ; but no, that could not be, I had never seen one half so beautiful, nor heard a voice half so sweet. And already, strange as it may appear, I was thoroughly impressed with the idea that my happiness depended upon her.

“Next morning I was awakened by a servant, saying that the gentleman below had sent him, to request of me my name and residence, as it would be a source of considerable gratification to be in possession of the name of one whom he should ever esteem as having preserved the life of himself and daughter. I sent it to him ; and immediately commenced dressing, hoping to be in time to bid adieu to her, who had made such an indelible impression upon feelings long indifferent to beauty’s charms. Just as I reached the portico, the coach, which they had procured, rolled away. I had but one glimpse of those lovely features ; it was a delicious moment ; she waved a smiling farewell. With straining eyes I followed the coach, as it wound along to the summit of a small mountain in front of the inn. It then darted suddenly off. The spell was broken.

“I immediately sought the innkeeper, to ascertain who were his guests of the preceding night, but he was a man more anxious to know the length of his guests’ purses

than their names. I then interrogated the servant who, that morning, had brought me the message. He said the gentleman's servant had told him, that he was a Mr. Noland, and that they expected to stop several days in Lexington. As you may well imagine, I was not long in making up my mind, to set off immediately for that place, which I reached after a journey of two days. On my arrival, I learned that a ball was to be given at one of the principal hotels, in celebration of the fourth of July. This was pleasing intelligence; for, I thought it more than probable I should there see this beautiful young lady. With feverish anticipation I waited for the appointed day. The hour arrived to make preparation for the occasion; a tremulous sensation ran over me; a nervous indecision seized me, of which in spite of all my efforts, I could not divest myself.

"At an early hour I set off, and found quite a large assemblage; but in vain did my eyes roam through the apartments in search of that angelic form. Presently a noise was heard at the farther end of the room; on turning round, I beheld those never-to-be-forgotten features. As she passed down, our eyes met. I thought I saw her color change as I bowed. I immediately sought for some one who could give me a formal introduction; and fortunately found an old acquaintance, who informed me she was a Miss Normand, daughter of Oscar Normand, of Eastern Virginia.

"It would be in vain to attempt a description of my feelings. The implacable enmity Normand had ever borne my father, since that unfortunate dinner in Louisa; and my instrumentality in saving the life of himself and daughter; and more than all, his certain opposition to my becoming her suitor, were thoughts of a second. There was a sudden transition from delicious hope to utter despair.

"I think, Mr. Carlton," said she, after my friend had introduced me, 'our first meeting would have been a sufficient introduction without any other. For my part, I feel almost as well acquainted, as if I had known you from childhood.'

"I was apprehensive," replied I, 'that you might think I was presuming too much on services that any one would have rendered, placed in similar circumstances; yet I shall ever look back, as the most fortunate event of my life, to the incident which enabled me to rescue Miss Normand from peril.'

"I think, sir," said she, replying only to the first part of my sentence, 'your modesty prevents you from placing the proper estimate upon your generous efforts; indeed, when we think of the whole affair, there is a good deal of romance in it. You know we frequently read in novels of ladies being saved from watery graves by young gentlemen,'—'And then becoming desperately enamored,' said I, finishing the sentence.

"At the conclusion of this remark, a young gentleman requested her hand in the dance. In silent admiration did I stand and gaze upon her, as she gracefully moved off. Once or twice her eyes glanced at the seat that I occupied, but were instantly withdrawn, while a slight blush ensued.

"I walked out to indulge my feelings in the open air; but, returning soon, I found her in one of the apartments adjacent to the ball-room. She informed me she had ordered her carriage, as a slight indisposition had determined her to return home. The servant returned in a few minutes, saying he could not find the driver. I offered to escort her home, if it was not too far to walk.

"The animating sound of the music gradually died away as we walked on. The moon shone with unclouded brilliancy, while I, with rapturous feelings, declared my unchangeable love, and called upon God to witness my unalterable vows. Ere we reached her boarding-house, she had consented to be mine. The blissful feelings of that moment were, however, soon displaced by those of a more corroding nature. Her father met us at the door; a haughty frown darkened his brow, as he said, 'This is Mr. Carlton, I believe.' I bowed, and immediately withdrew.

"I had scarcely reached the street, half suffocated with rage and mortification, when I paused to consider whether I should not return and demand an explanation of his conduct. The dastardly manner in which he had nearly murdered my father—the service I had so recently rendered him—were thoughts that rushed upon my mind. I became almost frantic; but he is the father of Lucy, said I to myself! Can I do any thing that would grieve her? Moreover, I remembered that Normand had done nothing that would justify an explanation; for, though repulsive hauteur be more goading than a direct insult, yet, according to the worldly code, silent resentment is the only atonement to the wounded feelings. I returned to my hotel to ponder over the incidents of the night. Early the next morning I received a letter from Normand, the purport of which was as follows:

"SIR: I extorted from my daughter, last evening, a reluctant acknowledgment of your declaration of love, and of the pleasure it gave her. By virtue of a father's right, I dissolve the engagement, and require of you never again to renew the acquaintance with Lucy Normand. Such ungenerous use, sir, of the claims you have upon my gratitude, will ever be held in abhorrence by me, should you persist in an affair so repugnant to my wishes. My objections, sir, to your becoming allied to my family, I deem it useless to state. I remain, yours, &c. OSCAR NORMAND.

"I was not much surprised when I read the letter, aware of his hatred to my father. I determined, however, to see Miss Normand as soon as possible, and know if it was her wish that our engagement should be dissolved. An opportunity of so doing occurred a few evenings after: while walking the avenue that led from Washington College, I met her. Our meeting at first was rather embarrassing from so unexpected an interview. I desired her to take a seat with me, on one of the many benches that were scattered on the lawn. She directed her servant to remain where she was, while she did so. 'Miss Normand,' said I, gently taking her hand, 'in a letter I received from your father, a short time ago, he informed me my attentions to you met with his highest displeasure; and that he deemed the bestowal of them an ungenerous use of the claims I had upon his gratitude. I have sought you ever since, to learn from your own lips if our plighted love and sacred vows should forever pass into oblivion?'

"'Would you have me disobey him?' said she, as the tears glistened in her eyes. "'Would you rather obey the stern commands of a proud father, than follow the inclination of your own heart? Alas, I am fearful your love is not strong enough for the emergency.'

"'You wrong me, Mr. Carlton,' said she, bursting into tears.

"I was mortified that I had doubted her attachment, and softly breathed in her ear,

'Oh weep not thus, my gentle girl,
No smile of thine has lost its spell;
By Heaven! I love thy lightest curl,
Oh! more than fondly well.'

"'Miss Normand,' continued I, 'there is but one alternative, and that is an elopement. If fifteen years have not obliterated your father's prejudices, (for I see no other cause of objection than the rupture he once had with my father,) it will be in vain for us to wait for farther time to efface them. Never can I subject myself to his repulsive scorn, which I know would follow, were I to ask his consent. Under circumstances like these, when it is folly to expect paternal consent, and where the parent has no reasonable cause for objection, and where the happiness of the child depends upon his acquiescence, I can see no reason why you should not follow the teachings of your own heart. We had better decide now; perhaps it will be our last interview.'

"She finally consented, after considerable importunity, to an elopement; but severe was the conflict between love and filial duty.

"I now come to a part of my history which fills me with grief and remorse, even at this distant period. She left Lexington a few days after our interview, on her return home, and I soon after set out for my father's.

"About a fortnight after my arrival, I wrote to her, and proposed that on the night of the 3d of September, she should meet me at the bottom of her father's garden, where I would be with a boat to take her over the river to Mrs. Jenkins's cottage, and there a coach would be in readiness. A few days, however, before I wrote, I had visited Normand's neighborhood, and there discovered this Mrs. Jenkins, whom I recognized at once as a former tenant of my father's. I immediately put her in possession of my secret, and the cause of my being in the neighborhood. She informed me she was apprehensive an interview would be impossible, for she had understood, since Normand's return, that his conduct to his daughter was much altered; that he would not permit her to ride out without an escort, nor walk farther than the bottom of the garden. This induced me to designate that spot for our meeting.

"From that time to the 3d of September, days lengthened into weeks. A gloominess took possession of my mind. I was continually filled with dark presentiments, which I found it impossible to dispel. I however started in unusually good spirits, on the appointed day. After getting within fifteen miles of the cottage, I directed the servants to take the river road, until they came to a small ordinary, and there inquire for Mrs. Jenkins, while I would take a nearer one, through the forest, but not so good. I reached the cottage a little after sunset. The time for the arrival of my servants came. I waited an hour longer, but nothing could be seen or heard of them. I became almost frantic with impatience, for it was impossible to cross the river without them. Ten o'clock, the appointed hour came, just as the coach made its appearance; the delay having been occasioned by their taking a wrong road.

"In a few minutes we were pulling with all our strength, against an adverse wind and current. A dense bank of clouds, which had ominously threatened, for some time, from the Northwest, muttering a continued roar of thunder, gave alarming symptoms of an approaching storm. This, with the certainty of my being half an hour later than the appointed time, made my impatience almost insupportable. As soon as we reached the shore, the solitary form of Miss Normand made its appearance from behind a large weeping-willow, that overhung the stream. I urged her to delay not a second, for the storm was then setting in with terrific violence. We instantly shoved off; and every nerve was strained to the utmost.

"On looking around, I discovered that we had not proceeded twenty paces in as many minutes. Never did I witness such an awful scene. The thunder roared with unparalleled fury, and the forked lightning seemed to play upon the waves, which emulated each other in height.

"I soon found, that it would be madness to persist any longer with such inexperienced hands, and therefore ordered them to return to the shore with all speed. In doing so, the boat troughed;—a second more, and all was over. As we went down, I seized Miss Normand by the arm. We were, however, soon thrown up by the waves, and were about to sink again—perhaps to rise no more—when I indistinctly heard the sound of voices on the shore, and shouted at the top of my voice for aid. A boat was instantly sent out for us by Normand's servants. They informed me, that their master having missed his daughter about an hour before, had been in search of her ever since. As soon as we were taken into the boat, I discovered, by a vivid flash of lightning, that my worst apprehensions were too true. That life which I had once preserved, was then soaring far above the storm."

My narrator could say nothing more; his voice became stifled with sighs. I pressed his hand in silence, and mingled with the crowd that was then leaving the church.

LEAF FROM A TRAVELLER'S JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, March 17.

LEFT Boston in the evening train for Haverhill. On leaving the cars, I proceeded on my way in company with a gentleman whom I accidentally learned was going past my sister's. My father died when I was very young, leaving a numerous family, the children of two mothers, of whom I was the youngest. In consequence of this event my mother, with myself and sister Mary, returned to her father's house. My sister remained with us only a short time, when she left to reside with a friend. I well recollect when she went away, of crying and grieving most piteously, while my mother with conjugal tenderness sought to console and soothe me in my affliction. I have no recollection of seeing her again, save once at my grandfather's, and once again at her own house after she was settled in life. At this time I was about seven years old. And well do I remember how she came to the wagon and embraced me, kissing me and bursting into tears, as she exclaimed, "Is it possible!—is this my little brother Chase?"

Long years have since flung their darkening shadows across my path, and traced their lengthening lines upon my brow and heart, and though the interim seems but as the vision of a day, or the remembrance of a dream, still what mighty changes has old Time wrought with us both. Not only have childhood's days passed away, but with them have departed the joys and enjoyments that then were ours. The freshness of youth has faded from our cheeks, and its elasticity and joyousness from our hearts. Nor are these the only tracts of coincidence in our history. We have each been called to pass through the furnace of affliction. We have each stood beside the death-bed of an affectionate and loved companion, and taken the parting hand while our bosoms have heaved with all the intensity of unutterable anguish.

Presuming that my sister could not know me, I resolved awhile to remain a stranger. I found her alone, but there was that in her countenance which called up with the velocity of thought an association of ideas—reminiscences of the past at once pleasing and painful. The scene of our first parting and subsequent meeting, the tenderness she then expressed, though at the time I did not comprehend it; the various scenes through which we each had passed, both of joy and sorrow, flitted in rapid succession before my mind's eye. It was a moment of intense interest. I strove to quell the risings that swelled my bosom, but in vain. Evidently my unnaturalness, or perhaps something in my countenance led my sister to mistrust me. Her eye shone with an unwonted brilliancy, as with an eager inquiring gaze she fixed her dark lustrous orb

upon my countenance. A bright tear-drop heightened its brilliancy, while it told that the deep workings of my own soul were reciprocated in hers. Her chin quivered, her lip moved—but I forbear; the susceptible mind may portray the scene upon its own imagination, but it may not be told. But to my dying hour shall I remember the deep swellings that, like “Hellespont vexed with storm,” agitated my heaving bosom.

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THE GOSSIPING LADY.

BY REV. D. WISE.

Of all persons, the gossiping lady is the most intolerable and odious. It is not her ceaseless prattle—though that is bad enough to convert an equable, cheerful old Socrates into a snarling, cynical Diogenes—which is chiefly matter of complaint, but it is the deadly poison which festers in the wounds inflicted by her chatterings, upon the feelings of her victims. The gossip is generally a slanderer, whether designedly or otherwise; among her many words, there are those which bite like an adder and sting like an asp. Could the objects of her tattle speak their feelings, they would say, as the frogs did to the boys who pelted them with stones, "What is sport to you is death to us." The following *fact*, "by fairy fiction dressed," will illustrate these sentiments.

Mrs. Montgomery was sitting alone in her parlor, one afternoon in summer, busily employed upon her needle-work; when, without ceremony, a lady opened the door and seated herself. Her manner was flurried, and it seemed, from the workings of her features, that matters of deep import rested on her mind. Throwing her sun-bonnet upon the sofa, she exclaimed, in a languishing manner,—

"O dear! how insufferably warm and dusty it is to-day! I thought I *never* should get here."

"I am glad to see you, however, Mrs. Fleetwood, and I hope a little rest will restore you from your fatigue," replied the lady, but in a tone so constrained, that it was pretty evident she spoke the language of cold politeness, rather than of warm-hearted friendship.

Of this constraint our gossip took no notice, but after fanning herself violently a few moments, proceeded to remark, "I came over this afternoon to give you intelligence of what I conceive to be an important matter to you, Mrs. Montgomery."

"Indeed! Pray, what is it?" said Mrs. M. with some warmth of expression, forgetting her dislike of the gossip in her desire to know her secret.

"Well, I don't know as I shall tell you, either; for you always raise so many objections to what I say, that I am most discouraged about telling you any thing at all."

"I promise you," said Mrs. Montgomery, smiling, "not to be over-incredulous this time."

Mrs. Fleetwood now put on a very grave countenance, and began her story. "You know Dr. Morgan, of course, Mrs. Montgomery. Well, just as I always said, so it has turned out about him. He is a mere quack. He was called in yesterday to see

'Squire Eaton's son, and, after torturing the poor fellow for two or three hours, with his good-for-nothing nostrums, he was obliged to say he could not help him, and advised them to send for Dr. Frenchman, who relieved young Eaton almost instantly, so that he is now doing well."

Dr. Morgan was a young physician, just commencing practice in the village where these ladies resided. He was an amiable, skilful man, but, for some reason, he had fallen under Mrs. Fleetwood's displeasure. Knowing the Montgomerys to be friends of the doctor, she hurried to them with this story, and succeeded but too well in making them believe it. Accordingly, when, a short time after, one of Mrs. M.'s children was sick, Dr. Morgan was not sent for. This gave additional currency to the report Mrs. F. was busy circulating, and he was almost stripped of the little practice he had gained.

The loss of his practice troubled him exceedingly, especially as he could not ascertain the cause. It harassed him by day and by night, destroyed his appetite, weighed down his spirits, and made him miserable. One must enter into his situation, fully to understand his agony of mind during these days of darkness in his professional career.

Fortunately, however, a friend at last told him of this base report. Now, it was no longer a mystery why his practice was failing. Feeling that inaction would be death, he set about tracing the story to its originator; and that originator proved to be the veritable Mrs. Fleetwood! He threatened her with a prosecution. This so alarmed her, that she appeared at his office with tears, beseeching him to pass by her offence, and giving, as her authority for the story, the saying of an imbecile menial, who remarked that "*she believed Dr. Morgan was not able to cure young Eaton.*"

From these slender materials, then, had she wrought the report which caused the deserving doctor so much suffering, and which came near destroying his prospects for life. Indeed, had he not heard the slander in season, it would have ruined his professional prospects.—How many such wounds the gossip inflicts by her noisy prattle, no earthly power can reveal. Facts enough are known, however, to lead every young lady to say, "I will never gossip!"—*Young Lady's Friend.*

Original.

JULIEN ST. EVA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MRS. M. O. STEVENS.

JULIEN ST. EVA had just finished his medical studies. Fortune smiled upon him, and his heart was buoyant with youth and hope. The companions of his studies were mostly young men of dissolute morals, who openly avowed their disbelief in religion. St. Eva became imbued with their opinions, and soon plunged deeper than any of them into the dark abyss of skepticism. He flattered himself that he had acquired a wonderful control over his own passions, and an immense superiority over the rest of mankind.

Every thing relating to ordinary life was uninteresting to St. Eva. He did not wish to resemble any person, and boasted of his indifference to every thing which engages the attention of others. He delighted in those scenes which excite, amaze and terrify, for he wished to accustom his mind to great emotions.

St. Eva became the most absurd of his absurd brotherhood—their chief. The ornaments of his chamber showed the progress he had made in their gloomy principles. Among the bones, odd limbs, Death's heads and trophies from various dead bodies with which his walls were adorned, was the skull of his dearest friend(?) whom he had lately killed in a duel, at the termination of a masked ball, where they had quarrelled. Near this was one of a young girl, whom he had loved. No: St. Eva was incapable of loving; perhaps he imagined himself in love with her, before he became so much elevated above the sentiments common to humanity.

She was a young, beautiful and virtuous orphan. She had been piously educated, but no deep sentiments of religion had penetrated her heart. St. Eva was too wily to avow his dark infidelity to her pure ears. He whispered his sophisms mingled with declarations of his affection, and when conscious that she loved him with woman's first fond love, he more openly, but still with exceeding caution, endeavored to guide her in the sunless track which he was pursuing. She loved him with the blind confidence of a fresh and innocent heart. How could her loving eyes detect his faults though they were as "huge as high Olympus"? "He loves me," she reasoned—"he has sworn it—he will render me happy. I love him—oh! how fervently! Why should I refuse to sweeten his existence? Why not share his joys and sorrows with him?—divided one will be more sweet, the other less bitter." The time was accordingly fixed for their marriage.

One evening, as she sat with her hand clasped in his, listening to

"Those honeyed words
Which women love to hear,"

she suddenly and earnestly said to him, "Will you *always* love me, St. Eva?" His kisses and his fervent words seemed to satisfy her, but she continued, "Oh, if you should cease to love me, how frightful would life become to me! I shudder at the dark thoughts, which rise in my heart at the possibility—I seem to see death for myself, and remorse for you. But oh! *mon ami*, you will *always* love me—you have sworn it." She looked earnestly in his eyes, as if to read her destiny in them, and added, "God forgive me, if I deceive myself."

She did deceive herself. Time rolled on, and St. Eva found various pretexts for

postponing their union. He loved her no longer. How can an atheist love? Doubting every thing, believing nothing, not even the love of woman, his whole faith is summed up in the single word *self-love*. St. Eva forgot his promises and his oaths. He became cold to the caresses of her whom he had deceived—indifferent to her tenderness. He deserted the beautiful and confiding Sophie—he forgot her, in the revelry and dissipation which now filled up his hours. He forgot her earnest words when she told him, if he ever ceased to love her, her heart whispered dark thoughts of death to herself and remorse for him. He forgot every thing but himself.

What became of the broken-hearted orphan? Deserted by him who had pledged his heart to her with the most solemn oaths—friendless in the world—destitute of any hope in God, and ignorant of the consolations of religion—is it a wonder that she became sick of the life he had rendered so wretched?

She went out one evening, after having written a touching letter, to the unfaithful being, who had trampled on her young affections, to accomplish the fate, which her heart had whispered should be hers, on the happy evening to which we have referred. She called suicide to her aid, but it came not. As she leaned over the parapet in utter despair, obedient to the destiny in which St. Eva had taught her to believe, the thought of that God from whom she had so long wandered, came back to her heart. Beneath the waters which flowed before her, she seemed to see an abyss—and to her ear the waves murmured *Eternity*. She raised her eyes in thankfulness to God who had preserved her from self-destruction, and prayed that she might devote the brief remnant of life which remained to her, to repentance and to a preparation to meet death, whenever it should come to end her earthly miseries.

The grim messenger soon came, but he found a welcome on her pale lips. Though her wasted form reposed on the low bed of poverty, the consolations of religion were around her.

In the hour of her last agony, a man entered her humble apartment; a faint color flushed her pale face, and she closed her eyes, as if to shut out all remembrance from her heart. It was the hard-hearted St. Eva. He witnessed the last breathings of expiring nature, and closed her dying eyes, which even in their glaring agonies seemed to reproach him with his faithlessness. When he saw her dead form before him, some remembrance of the past came back to him. He recalled her devoted affection—her confidingness—her helpless orphan state. An infernal inspiration seemed to come over him, and he resolved to show a respect to her memory becoming his atheistical principles; he determined, that the dead body before him should occupy the place to which it had been destined when beautiful with life. "Thou shalt still be mine, Sophie," said he. A few hours after its interment, he carried away the dead body, and dissected it.

One night, wearied with his revellings, he threw himself on the floor of his chamber and was soon asleep. A strange noise awoke him, and the blood in his veins seemed congealed with terror at the sight which met his gaze. A human skull—the skull of Sophie passed and repassed before him—sometimes stopping—apparently revolving as it moved, and suddenly with a leap placing itself before him. It was not a dream—there was the rolling skull dragging behind it the long blonde hair which St. Eva had fastened upon it so carefully. It is true St. Eva did not believe in the existence of spirits, and regarded fear as a ridiculous superstition; but, pale and trembling, he followed this strange apparition with his eyes, unable to speak or move. Desperation, at last, lent him energy, and summoning all his boasted philosophy, he seized the hair which waved in the dust, exclaiming in imploring accents, "Forgive me, Sophie, forgive me!" The hair had no longer the soft flexibility which used to delight him, when Sophie would playfully wave it before her face. to avoid the kisses he lavished

upon her. It was cold and wiry, and a bound from the skull dragged it from his fingers. "There is something supernatural about it," said St. Eva, out of his senses with fright, and he rushed down the staircase, repeating, "Forgive me, dearest Sophie, forgive me!"

His fellow-lodgers were awakened by his frightened cries. They ran to him, but too terrified to explain, he continued to scream, "Forgive me, dearest Sophie, forgive me!" They opened his chamber—the skull was still rolling. An enormous rat had crawled into it.

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TAKING THE VEIL.

THE author is known to be the wife of the Chevalier Calderon de la Barea, formerly Spanish Minister to this country, and subsequently Spanish Envoy to Mexico, after the recognition of the independence of that republic by the mother country. Madame Calderon's position secured to her opportunities of observation which would be denied to most persons. The ceremony of taking the veil has often been described, but never perhaps has the parting of friends, which the act involves, been depicted with more thrilling interest, than in the following passages from Madame Calderon's work. She received an invitation as follows :

"On Wednesday; the — of this month, at six o'clock in the evening, my daughter Dona Maria de la Concepcion, P——e ——, will assume the habit of a Nun in the choir and the black veil in the Convent of Our Lady of the Incarnation. I have the honor to inform you of this, intreating you to co-operate with your presence in the solemnity of this act, a favor which will be highly esteemed by your affectionate servant, who kisses your hand.

MARIA JOSEFA DE ——."

The girl being of distinguished family, the ceremony was expected to be peculiarly magnificent. Madame C. having called at the house in the morning, to make arrangements for attending the ceremony with the family, found about a hundred persons, relatives of the family, assembled at a sort of *fete*, given on the occasion. The young lady who was about to be entombed alive, was dressed in purple velvet, with diamonds and pearls, and a crown of flow rs, the *corsage* of her gown being entirely covered with bows of ribband of different colors, which her friends had given her. She had short sleeves, and white satin shoes. She was handsome, and only eighteen years of age. Madame Calderon having arranged for her attendance upon the ceremony, took her departure from the house, to return again in the evening. She says : "I arrived at the hour appointed, and being led up stairs by the Senator Don ——, found the morning party, with many additions, lingering over the dessert. There was some gaiety, but evidently forced. It reminded me of a marriage feast, previous to the departure of the bride, who is about to be separated from her family for the first time. Yet how different in fact this banquet, where the mother and daughter met together for the last time on earth !

At stated periods, indeed, the mother may hear her daughter's voice, speaking to her as from the depths of the tomb : but she may never more fold her in her arms,

never more share in her joys or in her sorrows, or nurse her in sickness; and when her own last hour arrives, though but a few streets divide them, she may not give her dying blessing to the child who has been, for so many years, the pride of her eyes and heart.

I have seen no country, where families are so knit together as in Mexico, where the affections are so concentrated, or where such devoted respect and obedience are shown by the married sons and daughters to their parents. In that respect, they always remain as little children. I know many families, of which the married branches continue to live in their father's house, forming a sort of small colony, and living in the most perfect harmony. They cannot bear the idea of being separated, and nothing but dire necessity ever forces them to leave their *father-land*. To all the accounts, which travellers give them, of the pleasures to be met with in European capitals, they turn a deaf ear. Their families are in Mexico, their parents, and sisters, and relatives, and there is no happiness for them elsewhere. The greater, therefore, is the sacrifice which those parents make who, from religious motives, devote their daughters to a conventual life.

—, however, was furious at the whole affair, which, he said, was entirely against the mother's consent, though that of the father had been obtained, and pointed out to me the confessor, whose influence had brought it about. The girl herself was now very pale, but evidently resolved to conceal her agitation, and the mother seemed as if she could shed no more tears—quite exhausted with weeping. As the hour for the ceremony drew near, the whole party became more grave and sad, all the priests, who were smiling and talking together in groups. The girl was not for a moment. She kept walking hastily through the house, taking leave of the servants, and naming, probably, her last wishes about every thing. She was followed by her younger sisters, all in tears.

But it struck six, and the priests intimated that it was time to move. She and her mother went down stairs alone, and entered the carriage, which was to drive them through all the principal streets, to show the nun to the public, according to custom, and to let them take their last look, they of her, and she of them. As they got in, we all crowded to the balconies to see her take leave of her house, her aunts saying, 'Yes, child, *despidete de tu casa*, take leave of your house, for you will never see it again!' Then came sobs from the sisters, and many of the gentlemen, ashamed of their emotion, hastily quitted the room. I hope for the sake of humanity, I did not rightly interpret the look of constrained anguish, which the poor girl threw from the window of the carriage at the home of her childhood.

They drove off, and the relatives prepared to walk in procession to the church. I walked with the Count S—o; the others followed in pairs. The church was very brilliantly illuminated, and, as we entered, the band was playing one of *Strauss's* waltzes! The crowd was so tremendous, that we were nearly squeezed to a jelly in getting to our places. I was carried off my feet between two fat *Senoras* in mantillas and shaking diamond pendants, exactly as if I had been packed between two movable feather beds.

They gave me, however, an excellent place, quite close to the grating, beside the Countess de S—o, that is to say, a place to kneel on. A great bustle and much preparation seemed to be going on, within the convent, and veiled figures were flitting about, whispering, arranging, &c. Sometimes a skinny old dame would come close to the grating, and, lifting up her veil, bestow upon the pensive public a generous view of a very haughty and very wrinkled visage of some seventy years standing, and beckon into the church for the *majo-domo* of the convent, (an excellent and profitable situation by the way,) or for *Padre* this or that. Some of the holy ladies recognized and spoke to me, through the grating.

But at the discharge of fireworks outside the church, the curtain was dropped, for this was the signal that the nun and her mother had arrived. An opening was made in the crowd, as they passed into the church, and the girl, kneeling down, was questioned by the bishop, but I could not make out the dialogue, which was carried on in a low voice. She then passed into the convent by a side door, and her mother, quite exhausted, and nearly in hysterics, was supported through the crowd to a place beside us, in front of the grating. The music struck up; the curtain was again drawn aside. The scene was as striking here, as in the convent of Santa Teresa, but not so lugubrious. The nuns all ranged around and carrying lighted tapers in their hands, were dressed in mantles of bright blue, with a gold plate on the left shoulder. Their faces, however, were covered with deep black veils. The girl kneeling in front, and also bearing a heavy lighted taper, looked beautiful, with her dark hair and rich dress, and the long black lashes resting on her glowing face. The churchmen near the illuminated and magnificently-decked altar, formed, as usual, a brilliant back-ground to the picture. The ceremony was the same, as on the former occasion, but there was no sermon.

The most terrible thing to witness, was the last straining, anxious look which the mother gave her daughter through the grating. She had seen her child pressed to the arms of strangers, and welcomed to her new home. She was no longer hers. All the sweet ties of nature had been rudely severed, and she had been forced to consign her, in the very bloom of youth and beauty, at the very age in which she most required a mother's care, and when she had but just fulfilled the promise of her childhood to a living tomb. Still, as long as the curtain had not fallen, she could gaze upon her, as upon one on whom, though dead, the coffin-lid is not yet closed.

But while the new-made nun was in a blaze of light, and distinct on the fore-ground, so that we could mark each varying expression of her face, the crowd in the church, and the comparative faintness of the light, probably, made it difficult for her to distinguish her mother; for, knowing that the end was at hand, she looked anxiously and hurriedly into the church, without seeming able to fix her eyes on any particular object; while her mother seemed as if her eyes were glazed, so intently were they fixed upon her daughter.

Suddenly, and without preparation, down fell the black curtain, like a pall, and the sobs and tears of the family broke forth. One beautiful little child was carried out almost in fits. Water was brought to the poor mother; and, at last, making our way with difficulty through the dense crowd, we got into the sacristy. 'I declare,' said the Countess — to me, wiping her eyes, 'it is worse than a marriage!' I expressed my horror at the sacrifice of a girl so young, that she could not possibly have known her own mind. Almost all the ladies agreed with me, especially all who had daughters, but many of the old gentlemen were of a different opinion. The young men were decidedly of my way of thinking; but many young girls, who were conversing together, seemed rather to envy their friend, who had looked so pretty and graceful, and 'so happy,' and whose dress 'suited her so well,' and to have no objection to 'go and do likewise.' "